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VOL. LXXXIV

No. 6

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

JUNE, 1919

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.

VAN DYCK & CO., INC., PRINTERS, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MDCCCCXIX

*Entered as second class matter at the New Haven Post Office*

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## YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

120 College Street  
New Haven, Conn.

280 Madison Avenue  
New York City

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# YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

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VOL. LXXXIV

JUNE, 1919

No. 6

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## EDITORS.

JOHN WILLIAMS ANDREWS, CHAIRMAN.

HENRY ROBINSON LUCE

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## LEADER.

ONE of the most remarkable phases of this strange year of returning to Yale, has been the activity of undergraduate organizations of an intellectual or quasi-intellectual nature. On the first day of the post-war year the *News* appeared in its traditional size and shape, which, if it did nothing else, comforted the fathers. Enthusiasm in debating and public speaking reached a height almost reminiscent of Linonian days. The records show that never before has there been such a widespread participation and interest in dramatics. A most successful journalistic venture has resulted in what will one day also rank among the traditions—the *Graphic*; and the surprising thing about it is that Sheff. is in this taking the lead. And the forever to be pitied editors of the *LIT.*, though perhaps they cry in vain for quality, have this year had no lack of quantity, which they might have, as they would, immortally enshrined in the British Museum. Finally, in the very heart of the University, in the class-room, it is safe to say that there has been effort rarely equalled during recent years in earnestness and appreciativeness.

To the barbarian world, Yale is perhaps chiefly known as an institution which can furnish a winning football team when it has a mind to, or perhaps as the home of Junior Proms. But to a very large degree the unifying force in the past year has been common pursuit of intellectual attainment, whether it be in or out of the curriculum. The cause for all this may be a reaction of soldiering, it may be because of the presence upon the campus of many who are in reality post-graduates; it may be because the



times make it so; the fact remains there is here, if not a renaissance, at least a very perceptible readiness of spirit for one.

There are many reasons for believing that the next college year will be, much more than the average year, crucial in the history of Yale. Those who are entrusted with the guardianship of things of the spirit should recognize this fact, and see to it that intellectual activity becomes increasingly and notably characteristic of this place.

*Henry R. Luce.*

### RESURRECTION.

The black sky scowled, abased and flat,  
On streets gaunt as an alley-cat  
And dry as misery or dirt—  
I'd tramped them till my hot feet hurt.  
Now—beaten as a beaten pup—  
I hummed to keep my courage up  
A stupid song I'd learned at school;  
Though all the words ran back to "Fool" . . .  
Still, spite of all my flesh could feel,  
My mind kept on its burning wheel,  
Its blazing wheel of great aims lost,  
—And how her face was white—almost—  
The day she'd spoken, kind and kind,  
And left me eating night and blind—  
And later days of various shames,  
Spoke after spoke of drifting flames . . .  
So I slouched on till town was past  
And scrubby country came at last,  
Pinched as ingratitude. Across  
The sky clouds towered, boss on boss  
Of a black shield thrust down on earth  
And spanning planets in its girth;  
While white fire flickered in the South  
Like a dog's tongue about his mouth.

A few hot raindrops spat my cheek—  
A cicada began to creak—  
And slashing lightning like a sword  
Unleashed the waters of the Lord!  
Roaring and heavy, gushing clear  
Through dirt and raggedness and fear,  
They struck before I'd time to curse,  
They soaked me like a leather purse!

Caught in the terrier mouth of rain  
I had no time for thought or pain;  
Dripping and running like a brook  
With wetness everywhere I'd look,  
Fresh-mated with the fierce clean scents  
Where Spring had pitched her lilacked tents!  
Almost alive I tramped the wold  
Until a stick slid; and I rolled  
Head over heels a-sprawl in wet,  
. . . And something in me overset,  
Snapped, went to pieces . . . and I laughed,  
And laughed till men had thought me daft!  
I beat my sides until I'd cry  
At the dull ape that had been I!  
That solemn insult to the earth!  
I shook the bushes with my mirth!  
And rose—and reeled with mockeries  
Of silly sky and idiot trees!  
Weak as a straw—but heart and head  
Arisen starry from the dead!

So, staggering with laughter still,  
I crossed the run and climbed the hill,  
Knocked at your door and called to you  
And made you shriek with laughter too.  
You dried my clothes and gave me food  
And wine, to show that God was good.  
And, after speech that flapped like birds,  
I said you these prophetic words,—  
“We shall ascend Olympus yet,  
Though scorpions the way beset!  
And plant our banner, *Deus vult*,  
Over the Tower Difficult,  
The lilled banner, badged with gold—  
Oh we shall live before we're old!  
And drink the ale of Tartary  
And eat the spice of Thebizond,  
And battle with the serpent-sea  
That roars around Alicant, the fond!  
The princesses with ivory crowns,

And girls in green, moon-spangled gowns  
Shall aid our high assault till we  
Have passed beyond the Topaz Sea;  
And found the quests that made us meek,  
Whose very names would burn the cheek  
With worship and with ecstasy,  
Those rippled names on which we cry—  
Those eyes we saw a while ago—  
But there's adventure to be won!  
And slit-eyed men, and ring-nosed men,  
Shall bar our glorious way again  
That proud armadas' trampled shards  
May make a new song for our bards!  
For we are young—and youth is steel!  
Hark! at our shattering trumpet-peal  
The spaniel worlds slink in to heel!"

"*Eh bien*—the fire's gone out," you said.

"And I'm tired, too . . . Let's go to bed! . . ."

*Stephen Vincent Benét.*

## CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME.

*(The sun has set over the great marsh, leaving a yellow-brown Flemish light over the scene. In the midst of the mire and among the tufts of iron-grass, stands an old round tower. Its low narrow door is of green bronze, scarred as with assault. Above the door and set somewhat apart are two small windows, behind which appears a gleam, as with the effect of illusion. In the half-light of the plain a man in armor stumbles through the bog to the single step before the door. He is many times wounded; his blood flows freely to the ground.)*

*The knight blows his horn, and the landscape flows into the ensuing silence like an evil thought.)*

CHILDE ROLAND: I die... Open the door to me.

*(The landscape laughs, then falls suddenly silent, and its subterranean waters are heard sucking at buried tree-trunks.)*

I have seen your lights here from a long way off... You cannot hide from me now.

*(The marsh becomes animated and fully interested in the stranger.)*

*(One of the windows brightens slightly, and a girl looks out. Her voice and manner are strangely detached and impersonal, as though she were called away from some absorbing interest and were eager to return.)*

CHILDE ROLAND: Ah, you are here. Quick, descend. All my wounds are flowing. I am dying of thirst.

THE GIRL: Who is this to issue commands against this tower? Some Emperor, surely.

CHILDE ROLAND: My name is written with many another upon the sword of Charlemagne: that is enough.

THE GIRL: You are some king, perhaps;—driven into the wilderness by your not loving subjects?

CHILDE ROLAND: No king, but a friend and soldier of kings.

THE GIRL: Oh! This is some wise counsellor. If you are so wise we will quickly open the door to you.

CHILDE ROLAND: Not wise, but often listened to in grave matters, having a voice equal with many others.

THE GIRL (*utterly untouched with solicitude, lightly, to some one within*): I do believe this is some sweet singer. Let us bind on our slippers right quickly, and put red wine to his lips, for poets are ever our delight.

CHILDE ROLAND: I am no singer. But one loving the string and the voice at all times. Open the door! Open the door; for the wind is cold on the marsh, and the first terrible stars are stepping into their chains. Open the door, for my veins are emptied on your sill.

THE GIRL (*leaning out, while her red hair falls almost to the step*): Beat upon the door, Sir Knight. Many things are gained by force.

CHILDE ROLAND: My hands are strengthless....I am fallen on my two knees....Pity me....

THE GIRL (*laughs pleasantly to her companion within*).

CHILDE ROLAND: Reach over the stars to me, Mary, Mother of God. To you I was committed in my first year, and have renewed yearly my promises. Send from thy golden mind and thy noiseless might the issue out of this difficulty.

(*A second girl, dark and thoughtful, appears at the other window.*)

THE FIRST GIRL (*intimately*): He is praying now.

THE DARK GIRL: He is a little boy, and his thoughts this last hour are returning to his earliest year.

THE FIRST GIRL: Is it not beautiful that a knight should think of a little child. I think it is beautiful that he should do that.

THE DARK GIRL: What brought you here, knight-at-arms?

CHILDE ROLAND: The battle passed suddenly into the west. This tower was all I could see. And here I brought my wounds.

THE FIRST GIRL: You see he is still able to reason; he reasons very well.

THE DARK GIRL: What led you to think that we could help you?

CHILDE ROLAND: I know your name! All my life I have heard of this tower. They say that on the outside you are dark and unlovely, but that within every hero stands with his fellows, and the great queens step proudly on the stairs.

THE FIRST GIRL: Oh, who could have told him that?

THE DARK GIRL (*to the knight*): And do you believe this?

CHILDE ROLAND (*after a pause*): Yes. (*With sudden fury*)  
Open the door! There is a place for me within. Open the door, Death!

THE FIRST GIRL (*languidly, drawing up her hair*): He is irresistible, this great man.

CHILDE ROLAND: Oliver! Oliver! Charlemagne! I hear your voices. It is I, Roland, without in the dark marsh. My body I cast away for you; my breath I returned to the sky in your defense. God of France! Open the door....

*(The marsh is a little put out by all this strong feeling; it lies quiet. The door slowly opens upon a hall full of drifting violet mists, some of which escape and fade over the marsh. The girl with the red hair is seen walking away in the hall, her mocking face looking back over her shoulder. The Dark Girl robed in grey leans across the threshold extending a chalice to the knight's lips.)*

THE DARK GIRL: Take courage, high heart. You gave us such little thought while living, that we have made a little delay at your death. How slow you have been to believe well of us!

*(Childe Roland, strengthened by that sweet wine, steps across the threshold, and is embraced by many heroes, whose names should I repeat them here would make of this page a golden tablature, glorious with honor.)*

Thornton N. Wilder.

## MELISANDE.

(BEST CALLED "THE HOURS MEN KNOW.")

*Père Jacque  
sits by the fire*

Melinsande, wander not the world to-night!  
My kingdom of shadows awaits thy rule—  
See, Père is alone and the sash drawn tight  
And thy chair brought in from the vestibule!

Sit here by the hearth where the embers' flare  
Softens and settles down, down to a glow.  
Come! I would remember thy molten hair,  
Lean back!—i' the old, old way I know.

Nay, a priest's path's never a primrose one.  
And mine?—ah, each day it ends by the fire!  
How I love this hour when the day is done  
And the spirit smiles at the day's desire!

*And muses*

Come, lofty mother of more perfect moments,  
Melisande!  
Not this hour seaward, skyward through the gleam  
Of pale new moon-birth beauties shall I pine!  
But winged with bitter memories I deem  
Earth's greeny sweetness—and I live, in fine!  
Oh, Melisande!  
Thou being here, my Melisande.

Surely the dead escape thy stealing wisdom,  
Melisande!  
And yet that secret singing in thee so  
May well arouse by low, low Lethe's shores  
The profuse ones to singing—there and fro  
Must Charon hear thee!—answer his implores  
Oh, Melisande!  
Thou art not mad, my Melisande.



Ah, surely thou should'st let *him* go, sometime, oh  
    Melisande,  
Sometime! Well would he wash thy white, white form;  
    Tender an old ghost's touch with reverence due  
For life's last care after the calm, the storm.  
    And yet can even old, old ghosts be true  
        Oh, Melisande  
To thee—to thee, swift Melisande?

Unjust! Who knows that Charon is thy loved one,  
    Melisande,  
Still, still companion mine!—or who, lead waves  
    By Lethe charm thee—who, alas, devine  
Thy joys and sorrows. Life and the dead graves  
    Alone delight thee, mine yet never mine  
        Oh, Melisande!  
Unsmiling, my still Melisande.

But let me look once only on thy features,  
    Melisande!  
Away, ye drowsy shades—away! nor shroud  
    One moment more her visage with thy veil  
Of veering unpremeditated cloud.  
    Away!—ah, can'st *thou* 'gainst them nought avail?  
        Oh, Melisande...  
Thy face, thy face, sad Melisande!

Ah, seeing it, what heights might I aspire, oh  
    Melisande,  
To reach, hold, shape, forever for mine own!  
    (*Stay, Père—this grows too wonderful for thee,*  
*A dream, an emerald that thy sleep alone*  
*May set into its teeth, eternity,*  
        Oh, Melisande...  
    *Where thou art only, Melisande!*)

Nay, nay—I cannot look nor even move now,  
    Melisande.  
Let Charon touch thee, trembling—if he may,  
    Pictured upon his painted leaden wave

When evenward thou rid'st his bark away,  
His unwon bride—my mistress till the grave!  
Oh, Melisande,  
My more immortal Melisande!

And receives a  
midnight mendicant

But hark!—what careless sinner walks so late,  
Unshriven, knocking heavily my door?  
Nay, Melisande, depart not!—yet, yet wait!  
He tarries not—stay one sweet moment more!

Yet hush!—outside grown weary waiting he  
Is entering in—depart, depart my own!  
The curious shall not demand of me  
Wherefore I sit by night this way alone!

Wherefore I sit by night—but fly! He comes!  
Oh, Melisande, here is farewell once more—  
Take, take thy shadow worlds and my kingdoms!  
I go—Christ waiteth by the Abbey door.

*Oscar Fulton Davisson.*

## MAISON JEUNET.

**A**BELL in the entry is ringing, somewhere a door has closed, and there are voices below. Outside it is no longer raining. The damp coolness of the early spring comes in at the half-closed casements—the damp from the burdened Seine.

For the last time, lying on the cramped couch, before the empty fire-place, let me drink in the ugliness of the little apartment, touched with the sadness of leaving—tinged with faded memory—the bare walls, the furniture from various periods of debased French art, the old poster bed, wretchedly carved, with angels glaring down from the top of each post. One has lost a wing. Another is without a nose. On the floor are queer rugs from Bretagne in many colors like Joseph's coat, and near the bed little smudgy windows that look over the Seine and the Quai de ———below. My few chattels are packed up and Francois is coming to take them away. In the south of France—in the Midi—I shall find solitude and an end to the horror of the week that has passed—eight days filled with death—filled with the unfathomable mystery of what is to follow upon death.

It was late afternoon on Monday. We had been having tea. Marston had brought the custom into the studio, to satisfy the longing for his England that always came over him at sundown, he said. A frugal tea, to be sure; for unsuccessful artists, in a lodging house outside the Quarter, must take what the Fates provide. Madame Jeunet, in the usual black, with white lace at the neck, and the snug cap of a French housekeeper, was clearing the tea things away—a "Victoria at sixty" piling blue dishes on a faded silver tray.

She had never told us much of her life. Her husband had died long ago. There had been a vagabond son. She had lived much in English houses, of the wealthier trades-people. That was all we knew. She spoke English quite decently.

Marston came back from the window, sat down before the fire, and knocked the ashes from his pipe, against the fender.

"Glorious setting out there—green and gold and orchid color—like the old days at Surrey in late summer. You know, Tom, I'd a startling inspiration as I came back from Monsieur Roche's rooms. I was dreaming, as I walked, of masterpieces, and genius, and the things I've left undone. You know that sense of having failed. When I'd turned onto the Quai, in one of the low doorways a woman was sitting, leaning against the half-open door, her hair blowing. Her dress was thrown back at the throat, her eyes looking far away to the little boats on the murky water. The Madonna sort, you know, soft eyes, retroussé nose, and all that. But, most of all her hands! They were like carved marble, more delicate than the Mona Lisa's, whiter than the 'Hand of God' of Rodin.

"I was fired to create, to paint her as she sat there. When I passed, she turned and went in, but the memory of it is etched on my brain. I want to get it on the canvas, before the inspiration has fled! I shall make it my master stroke!"

His dark eyes were dazzlingly bright, and there was a wistfulness about the mouth, too delicate for so strong a man.

"You might finish it for the exhibition. You've almost a week," I ventured with feeble irony.

"Surely! Working nights in the studio, with lamps about the place. Why, my best work in London was done on the darkest days, and they say the great are most inspired between midnight and two. She'd be a moonlight Madonna." He was always that way, inspirational, impetuous.

"What does Monsieur say of staying at night in the studio? Perhaps, if he knew—oh—but that was many, many years ago, before Marie and I have take over the place." The old lady smiled, as she folded the red cloth and brushed the top of the table. Marie was her daughter.

"If I knew what, *ma petite*? You are gay in ribbons, to-night. You're going to Jennins, heh? Come, tell me," and Marston pushed the empty table into its corner.

"If Monsieur insist. The old footman that have died, three years ago, have told my little Marie, when he was in the fever—how you say—delirium? He have been servant to the old bourgeois merchant who have live here in the forties, a wealthy man, with a beautiful wife, whom he very much love. That he may

look over the Paris about the river, he have built the tower, with a winding stair, and the little room at the top, that is the studio. Voyez?

"The so beautiful wife have a lover, young lieutenant from Bordeaux, and when the merchant were away she hide her soldier, there. But, always, she were afraid, and keep the old footman at the bottom of the stair, so no one surprise them.

"It is very sad. One evening he watched long—long past time for the lovers to come down—when some one sit down by him on the stair. 'It is no use, Edmund, they don't need you now,' and the merchant, for it was the husband come back, laugh madly and go away.

"Next day they found the lovers, murdered in each other's arms. No one knew how, for no one was in the tower but the lovers, and Edmund see no one pass him, on the stair.

"Then he gasp, 'There is a secret passageway—Look in the room'—but—say no more and next day he die in the fever.

"Monsieur do not want to stay there when it is night, now. He is afraid, heh?"

Marie came in for the tray and called the old concierge to oversee the cooking dinner.

"Ain't that uncanny? A murder scene in the studio, a secret passage. Poof—she is gay to-night," and Marston set to sketching.

There followed a long silence between us, each seeking to creating an ideal, dreaming of *chef d'oeuvres* and past romances, and I, of America.

"Tom, my boy, where's that book of old sketches; the ones of the hands from the life class at the Ecole, and 'the lady in black' that almost won. You remember them. I forget a certain turn the fingers should make. Hands aren't simple, are they?"

"You never remember anything. Most of that old work is in the book-shelves up there, on the right near the top. And if—" but he was half-way up the stairs before I could think where they really were.

The studio, though quite large and well lighted by long windows on three sides, was inconveniently at the top of the house, reached by an unsafe stairway, ever-twining and alarmingly narrow, that led from our room. On the fourth wall were shelves of

darkened oak, piled with worn books, an old threadbare tapestry above, of a Scandinavian feast. In one corner Marston's work, and opposite, near the door, mine.

"Tom—oh Tomissimo—come quick. I've found it—Come up here—Do," came hurtling down the winding passage. "Quick! and bring a candle."

I saw no reason to gloat over finding old sketches. Perhaps he had discovered some hidden trace of genius, in the charcoal sketch of a hip, or a copy of an Etruscan vase. Unearthing old drawings was like finding my baby clothes—useless—for I'd outgrown both. Snatching a guttered candle from the stick, and a match from the copper box by the door, I climbed toward the rafters.

It was half-dark in the square room. There was just the reflected light from the spring evening, over all Paris. Marston caught at my arm, laughing foolishly, with a note of wildness in his voice. He had pulled out some of the shelves and was glaring at the vacant space behind.

"Light up. Don't fumble the matches, boy.—Look! It's been here all the time and we didn't know. And, now we have found it!" Marston was mumbling like a bewitched man in the play.

The first match was a success. By the faint flickering of the lighted candle I could see, beyond the crouching Marston, a huge hole, very dark and yawning. There was a stairway leading down into the darkness.

"See, it's the secret passage. It was when I was fumbling around for the drawings, without warning, the whole thing came pushing out and left me staring at this blank. I must have struck the 'Open Sesame' without knowing. Dirty, ain't it? Are you game to go down? I am. Come on with the glimmering shadows," and he dashed into the hole and turned the winding stair.

Dispirited, trembling, I followed, the candle in my hand. This was likewise a circular stair, built in between the windings of the other; a sort of double corkscrew arrangement. I had read of them in old feudal towers, and in Florence, the Medeci palace. I could hear Marston creeping just below me, slow and labored, his step falling late upon the sound of the one before.

"Coming? Where's the infernal light?" The muffled tones sifted up through the chill blackness. And then a sharp cry; the

far-away sound of something very heavy rolling, beating against the metal steps, crashing against thin walls; and silence.

I found him at the bottom, crushed and painfully breathing, his head resting on the landing, his feet tumbled on the stairs above. The flame—plaything of an unseen wind—went out.

Aeons passed; an interminable silence like the eternal burning of the cast down angels on the lake of fire; broken only by the beating of my heart. And when I had brought Marston up the fateful stair the breathing had stopped. He was dead.

The hours that followed were confused and vague—the doctor's dull face—the old woman, on the worn sofa before the fire softly crying—Marie at the window, turning at times to smile faintly through her tears, as consolation for me—the meek French undertaker in solemn black, giving orders in a subdued voice to the blundering helpers to carry the broken English boy downstairs to the musty parlor, that was never used these days—finally my going to bed—and quiet.

At such times, memories come as pageantry before our eyes, so now, there seemed displayed a masque of the artist lad, Marston, in the dim light of the room. I recalled meeting him at dinner in the house of a Parisian schoolmate of mother's. There was a sort of fascination in his Moorish coloring; dark hair, very straight, and deep set eyes that were ever lighted. And I had liked his laugh.

We had spent much time together in the dingy music halls, at the galleries, and in the shops along the Quai. We talked forever of our art, and of starting a studio. One day we found this place and decided to take it. Happy months that followed—and such an end! Poor Marston, just when he had begun his great work, that would have dazzled the critics and started the world bowing as he passed. Yet, the fates spin many colors in their yarn.

The chill air of the spring night floated up through the open windows; the fire had gone out, an old clock was creaking out the hour. It was twelve.

"You know"—Marston always said "You know"—"I do my best work between twelve and two." He had said, "A moonlight Madonna."

As I turned that the cool air might sweep across my face, with no action of mine, the coverlets flew back, in a wide sweep, just as they used to when he would wake, throw back the blankets, and jump half across the room. Surely, it was the breeze from the window.

The great bell in the clock-tower boomed twelve deep-throated groans. Out of the chaos, above the stillness of Marston's death chamber, slow measured foot-beats as of someone climbing the stair, labored, creeping as the wounded hart to the endge of the forest. It brought back the echo of Marston going down the secret passage—there on the other side of the wall.

How foolish! I was nervous. The horror of the evening had unstrung me—I was hearing things. Then came the faint sound of a door closing in the distance, above me. There was no use wanting to sleep, though I lay in a dull stupor, for there were forever memories, and a wondering of the future and vague questioning of life, massing through my garbled brain.

"One—two"—and again the faltering steps on the stair, slowly descending, endlessly, it seemed. A wave of frozen air swept through the darkness of the room. For the first time I was afraid.

The weariness of it all had brought sleep, and a certain peace. Light and reason come with the dawn.

All through the day—it was Tuesday—I lay drowsing by the fire. I dare not go near the faded drawing rooms, but the kindly neighbors and little Marie, by turns, watched over the dead. Late in the afternoon, near twilight, wanting to see the fatal passage-way again, I climbed to the studio. It had not changed. The low cases of old books were still against the wall, all seeming alike. I had pushed back the secret entrance, in my frenzy of the night before, and couldn't remember which it had been; but that was over now and I wanted to forget. The worn tapestry still hung on the dark wall; the model's seat was there; the grey curtains over the windows; a canvas that Marston had been preparing was in the corner; and a palette and brushes lay on the oddly carved stand beside the easel.

What could be done with the things now—with the untouched canvas, carefully tacked to its frame?

I drew back the white covering. No! It was impossible! There, in the midst of the whiteness, was painted a hand, sur-



rounded by part of a dress, unfinished. Marston had not told me he was painting the hand. How delicate! How white! The hand for his masterpiece. And this was the end!

Marie insisted that I go walking after the simple dinner, and the naïve way of sixteen is really convincing. It was after ten when we returned from a refreshing walk through the Quarter and a cup of wine at Henri's around the corner. But as we passed the tightly drawn doors of the little parlor, the smile at the corner of her mouth faded, and the sadness of the day overwhelmed me.

"*Bonne nuit*, monsieur, Marie is all tears, too, but she laugh for you. *Bonne nuit*," and she darted off to her mother's apartment.

Weary and worn, sleep was waiting at my door. . . . I had been sleeping, but for some reason seemed unable to breathe with ease, and awoke to find the coverlet thrown back across my face; to hear again the noise on the stairway, measured steps and slow, and a door quickly shut.

It was then the horrible reality of this ghastly presence possessed me. I realized for the first time, there were unseen forces of which I had never dreamed. Within my room, right in my bed, was an invisible spirit, that went and came, without my sanction, without my knowing when and where, or who it might be.

Perhaps it was an ever-returning ghost of the murderer-merchant, or the lover climbing nightly to the tower, to lie in the arms of his lady—or—no! Marston was dead. Marston could not come back. Marston was below in the mouldering drawing rooms of Madame Jeunet. The thought was foolish—impossible! To prove it, I should see. . . .

Climbing from bed, past dim shadows of massive furniture, running against a chair, tripping on a rug, I reached the passage and climbed quickly—feverishly desirous of finding I was wrong. The low door at the landing would not give; neither pushing nor pulling was of any use. There was only a bolt on the inside, no one ever locked it—besides, I had been there last. Yet, certainly, it was fast locked. I sank down with my back against the oaken door and railed against Fate and the futility of all things. Cold drafts from the open room below, brushed past me, sitting there, and crept under the door, into the room from

which I was barred by an uninvited phantom. Sometimes they crept back again bringing other drafts from the musty studio, eddying about me, scarcely clad as I was. Once I could distinctly hear the chattering of teeth breaking upon the tombish silence.

I waited, waited for whatever might be the end, eyes staring into the awful darkness; icy hands clasping a frigid knee.

I was becoming used to the haunting gloom, like an outcast, dying in the snow wastes, gradually losing consciousness, not knowing it is the end. Suddenly, without warning from just the other side of the thin partition came the heavy tread of unseen feet, slowly descending, forever twining, finally swallowed in the creaking of a door. With the terror of the doomed I cried out, but the voice was unheard in the crashing of the bells in the cathedral at two.

The door against which I was leaning gave way and I was tumbled into the studio like an eavesdropping mother caught unaware at the parlor door.

In the dazzling light of the moon, even the crude furnishings took on grotesque shapes. The easels seemed sentinels on either side the door, menacingly waiving intruders away. The misshapen Norsemen of the tapestry leered at me from the festive board—they seemed to know the secret that I was in the quest to find. A single rider crossed the quai below, the hoofs clanging on the cobblestones. All Paris, stretched before me, in the cold brilliance, sleeping, dreaming, dying. Paris of 1789, Paris of the forties, Paris of eternity! The tragic in it all obsessed me—the tragedy of an age-old civilization, the immortality of a great city, which is life unending through death, the tragedies of a thousand cities massed in one, a world of souls huddled in the little valley of the turgid Seine.

A grey light filled the room, seeming to congeal all things into a quiet beauty. The naked moonlight, unveiled, dancing at the window, embraced in shadows the unfinished canvas.

I had forgotten to replace the mantel thrown over the easel! The mildew would get in. It was only a hand, but it was Marston's last work. I should keep it always! and creeping past the open windows I snatched up the fallen hanging. I fell back, astounded, amazed, and rubbed my eyes that I might see things as they were.

There, glistening in the moonlight, a woman sitting in a half-open doorway, her hair blowing, a dress thrown back at the throat, her eyes looking far away to another world.—It was the face of the Virgin.

In the terror, I fled, throwing the hanging over the easel, to hide the ghastly face.

On Wednesday they had the funeral. It was an odd burial, unadorned, without flowers, painfully unceremonious. Madame Jeunet and the few lodgers were the only mourners. I came away saddened, yet still I believed.

"Death is as Birth—or the fear of a child in the dark"—ever repeated somewhere in the crushing city, one or the other was bringing sorrow or pain, at all times.

I had not gone back to my rooms but had remained with the old doctor from Lorraine, on the first floor. In the quiet room, eased by the dull opiates he gave me, I fell asleep. The doctor being called away in the night unmeaningly awoke me. The door had slammed in a draught. Not being able to recall the spell I lay for a long time, wondering what I should do, alone. The clock in the hallway struck four. There was a faint light in the court, outside.

It was then I thought of the studio. I wondered if the ghost had kept watch there again while I slept. Throwing the old knitted lounge robe about me, I tiptoed down the dark hallway and up long flights of stairs to the tower. The studio door was open. I had no fear, now. No one was in the room.

The dawn had come. Somewhere in France chantecler proclaimed his hymn to the sun. I drew the covering from the picture. The face seemed flushed in the faint light. It was a splendid composition. There was in it the strength of the Raphaels, yet it really savoured of the earth, as Cézanne's women do. It was the work of a master. The critics would greet it with unaffected praise. They would herald its originality. Sometime, it would have a place in the Louvre. Marston was not here to receive his recognition. No one lived after him—no son, nor little daughter, not even a mother. No one would know if I—the thought of stealing his fame was overpowering. What dull inferior art, my works had been. They were impressions of my inexpressible adolescence. No reputation to be achieved from

these, my life would be sketching and forever sketching—but never selling my sketches. No one would know, if I—the three days and the terror of the three nights had unbalanced a well-set brain. My New England conscience had fled in the dark. Without knowing why, I signed my name, replaced the cover and ran down stairs.

At noon, I sent it away to the exhibition.

Monday is a quiet day at the Salon. I chose to go then. But to-day, when I went up, there were critics and large ladies in furs, with their small-eyed daughters (water color editions of an oil) crowding about the picture, describing it in flowing gestures and inaudible exclamations, with bewildered looks. A sensational work! I dare not go near, for the memory of my name, blazoned on one corner in red, burned before my eyes, restraining me. It was forgery between friends—but still it was forgery.

I came away like an old man in the robber's cave, who dare not take the jewels and rare coins that he was not justly heir to. I could not bear to face the fame, the honors that were false. So I came back through the dripping rain, to this stuffy room, to pack, to go away and leave the dead past to bury its dead.

"Monsieur, the two gentlemen to see you. They come up. I insist, but they have come just the same," and Marie showed them in, a small boy with a large parcel waiting outside the door.

"I am Monsieur Roche of the Beaux Arts, and my colleague Monsieur Bourgon. We have come from the Salon." He sat on the back of the worn sofa, and flung his cigarette on the copper tray.

So, they had come to thrust upon me the high honors—fame, fortune, a place in the Louvre—and none of it was deserved. A cheat, I a cheat—

"We come in a questioning mood. Not only the curiosity of the public—the art public of Paris—but our own curiosity has prompted us to come here to unearth the secret of your portrait." He snatched his cigarette from the copper tray.

So they knew. The forged name was obvious.

"But why have you the presumption, how do you dare, though it may all seem creative or perhaps humorous to you, to send such work to the greatest art collection of the decade—the greatest Paris has known since Napoleon plundered Italy—Paris, the heart of the artistic world." Monsieur Roche had opened the door.

I was bewildered. "I do not understand, Monsieur, it is a mistake."

"Mistake, you say. It is no mistake—Garçon, bring in the picture.—This! in the name of art what sins you have committed! A 'Madonna of the Moonlight'—Bah! *Bon Dieu*," and the irate Frenchman dragged off the cover, wet from the rain—and revealed—a glaring white canvas, neatly tacked to the frame.

In the midst of the whiteness surrounded by part of a dress, unfinished, was painted a hand. It was delicate and white, and a little tense, as though it clasped a child at the breast. In one corner was blazoned my name in large red letters.

There was more than shame in my bow. There was dumb resignation to the Fates, to the caprices of an artist-ghost.

A bell in the entry is no longer ringing. Somewhere a door has closed and there are voices below. Outside it has stopped raining, the damp coolness of the early spring comes in at the half-open casements, the damp of the burdened Seine.

"Francois—you've the easel and the paints, among the baggage?"

"*Oui*—"

"You may leave them in the corner there. I shall never need them again."

"*Mais oui—Monsieur.*"

*Harold Stark.*

## WINDY NIGHT.

Great crying gusts—and each cloud was a banner,  
Harsh bronze, cold silver, smirched with dripping blue,  
Fantastic torn, wind streaming—in the manner  
That furious standards blaze above the head  
Of battle. Now a hurricane shook through  
The tortured branches. All the earth was dead

Around, save I—No!—There the dry leaves crackled!  
And—Was it Death himself? I trembled, mad—  
A crag-tall figure moved. His laughter cackled  
Crazy with echoes. There! Look there! He strode,  
Trampling the pines beneath him as I had  
Thin, brittle grass. The forest was his road,

Down which he trampled, insolent, rash, swaying  
The crushed, chill slopes with his affronting feet;  
Then paused awhile—the wide-mouthed gale was baying!—  
To blow his purple fingers. Bah! The cold  
Was fierce that night! A senseless whorl of sleet  
Maddened his pathway. Terrible and old

His weathered face, storm creased! He stopped, and flinging  
His bulk against a sea-crag, clamored loud  
To all the blasts: who answered, hoarse, unringing  
Till the soiled night raged horrid with their shout;  
Then he crashed on, erect, gigantic, proud  
And the swirled vapors hid him in their rout!

Gone? *was he gone?* The rent clouds raced insanely;  
Foul dusk boiled up, all turbulent with fear  
And wildered breath. My cold revulsion vainly  
Robed all the woods with horror. For—too soon  
For dread—the frayed mists parted. White and clear  
Against a frigid sky was blazed the moon!

*Thomas Caldecot Chubb.*

## PORTFOLIO.

## MADRIGAL.

Where the water-lilies in the rushes  
 Languish in the moonshine all night long,  
 Where the water ripples and soft hushes  
 Leave lonely listeners too wrapt for song,

Where gay April comes by evening, smiling,  
 Touching here and there an iris flower,  
 Where the May walks on the marshes willing  
 All of wisdom into one still hour,

Wherever Fate may find me, loved, alone,  
 Whatever banished Time may teach me,  
 There will I turn to wander worlds unknown!  
 For these are things I know will reach me:

*While the water-lilies in the rushes  
 Languish in the moonshine all night long,  
 While the water ripples and soft hushes  
 Leave lonely listeners too wrapt for song!*

Oscar Fulton Davisson.

—The fragrant pungence of incense, reluctantly diffused from the censer, roamed dubiously about the vaguely Gothic nave. Pursuing it was the wailing chant of a priest, clad in soiled vestments, who intoned Latin with a brogue. Three bored and robed boys stumbled mechanically through their part in the ceremony. It was all tawdry and commonplace enough, but the mold of many centuries, the brooding background of countless devoted lives, the halo of an honest faith seemed in the vaulted gloom to sway with the beat of unseen hearts. Mrs. Crawton T. Burbank, fending her opulent skirts from the contamination of the pious old Irish-woman who had penetrated impertinently to the hallowed confines of the Burbank pew began to feel elevated. She was coming to enjoy these weekly pilgrimages to the village church. They left her with a gratifying sense of her own worthiness. She appreciated that she was a broad, generous-motived altruist, and her prayer was very simply that she might always be so. She prided herself not merely on the public philanthropy in which she

GOLD AND  
 EBONY.

interested herself judiciously through an agent, but also on the frequent simple little deeds of thoughtful courtesy by which she brightened the lives of her fellow mortals in secret—that is, secret save to a few intimates. Her intimate circle was very large.

At first Mrs. Burbank was divided between amusement and repugnance at the quaint and not too savory little woman beside her. The withered lips were moving in a frantic ecstasy of prayer. The bonneted head, sparsely hirsute in a dirty gray, was wagging and nodding, and the whole wasted body swayed backwards and forwards in a passion of adoration. But Mrs. Burbank's own heart was swelling in her well-born breast. She was by far the most conspicuously wealthy woman in the congregation. And she was in a very religious frame of mind. Also she had exceeded her usual charitable quota of five per cent of her income that month. And so she felt distinctly exalted, and began to look with more sympathy at the good dame by her side.

Finally Mrs. Burbank drew an elaborately carven gold and ebony rosary from her handbag and toyed reverently with it, trying to remember just what one was supposed to do with a rosary. At length, this palling on her, she put the beads on the seat between her neighbor and herself. She noticed the old woman steal a sidelong glance at it, a gleam of admiration in the dim eyes. Poor soul, reflected Mrs. Burbank; doubtless she was unable to afford such a one herself. And Mrs. Burbank, who had not always been wealthy, thought of how little the purchase of a similar rosary would mean to her.

The service was almost over. Mrs. Burbank's exaltation was entirely over. It always was, at this period of the mass. She was almost frankly bored. The old woman's gently covetous glances at the rosary were growing more and more frequent. Then the owner of it grew suddenly alert and interested. A thin, blue-veined hand had crept tremulously out and the fingers closed around the beads. Softly they were drawn aside and vanished into the depths of a worn muff. Mrs. Burbank felt a bigness in her throat. Very touching, this. The poor woman was stealing out of sheer piety! Should she turn and haughtily demand the return of her property,—or should she pretend not to have noticed its disappearance? She hesitated. To the circle of intimates her magnanimity in ignoring the theft might perhaps seem creditable. It must be confessed—though Mrs. Burbank never would



have done so—that this latter was the deciding element. She gathered herself together and swept majestically from the church at the end of the service, without her rosary.

And a little red devil on a stained glass window seemed to smile mockingly—or was it the shadow of a passing cloud?

Mrs. Annie Mulcahy hobbled through the swinging door of "The Family Entrance" and knocked on the window-like aperture that faced her. A shutter was pushed aside and a man's face appeared.

"How are ye the marnin', Mike?" quavered Mrs. Mulcahy, ingratiatingly.

"Nicely, nicely, Annie Mulcahy. And what can I be doing for the likes of yez this day?"

Mrs. Annie Mulcahy carefully drew an ornate gold and ebony rosary from her frayed muff and handed it to him.

"How much of the good stuff can ye be givin' me for that, Mike?"

Mike squinted interestedly at the rosary. Then his bright little eyes narrowed with cupidity.

"I'm thinkin' I'll kape this, Annie Mulcahy, but 'taint worth the foam off a pail o' suds."

Mrs. Annie Mulcahy voiced an emphatic if tremulous protest, ending by muttering something about the police.

"Begorra, 'tis you should be fearin' the po-lice, Annie Mulcahy. Do ye think I believe ye *bought* that rosary, by anny chance? Good marnin' to yez, Mrs. Mulcahy. If yez have no money, ye'll not be drinkin', I'm thinkin'."

The shutter slammed, and Mrs. Mulcahy turned to leave.

"Glory be to God," she announced to the airs.

Jack A. Thomas.

—"Lay down there—quit yer squealin'." Dickey shoved one dirty hand on the head of the smaller boy and  
"OBADIER" pushed him into safe shadows of the alleyway.  
"Di'nt yer see he saw yer take thet apple?"

"'Snone o' yer bisness, is it?" The small boy resented the push and the hand. The dirt mattered very little.

" 'Smy bisness ter see thet the coppers don't git no one—see? I ain't no friend o' yours. You knows that. *But*"—and Dickey gave him another shove—"I ain't no friend o' the coppers' neither, an' what's agin them's, *fer* me. See? You'd a-been caught if I didn't catch yer an' haul yer in here."

"Dunno!" There was an awkward pause and silence as the policeman went by unnoticed. "Hev a piece of gum?"

"Thanks!"

"Where yer livin'?"

"Ain't livin'."

"Well, you're *live*, ain't yer? Ain't dead?"

"Ain't livin' at no place—just *about*!"

"Ain't go no pal?"

"Dunno, never saw none!"

"No ma, neither?"

"Never saw none."

"Gawd! Where'd you 'riginate then?"

" 'Riginate?"

"Aw—weren't you born?"

"Dunno—guess so—lived in a store onct."

"What yer goin' ter do now?"

"Sell papers, an' steal eats."

"Where yer live?"

"Didn't I tell yer—just *about*?"

"What's yer name, anyhow?"

"Ain't got none."

"Ain't got none?"

"I said it."

"Well, yer got one now, see? Yer name's Obadier—'sfrom the Bible. Ever seed a Bible?"

"Naw, what's er Bible?"

" 'S a book what they read's at missions, an' ma keeps in 'er drawer an' takes out on Sundays."

"Don't like Obadier fer a name—call me Jimmy!"

"You had yer chance onct—an' now it's Obadier—See?"

"Ef I warn't so small—"

"Well, y'are, aren't yer—an' yer comin' home with me, see? I ain't got much of a place—but I got a ma—an' she's fine! Here, come on, yer comin' wit me. See?"

"I don' wan' to!"

"Come on!"

They walked slowly from the alley and out into the dark narrow street. Obadier was reluctant and had to be dragged. He was a small, dull-eyed piece of humanity, who couldn't quite fathom his present situation. Dickey had all the instincts of a proud father. He had visions already of a trained Obadier, a minion to run errands, a fellow on dangerous escapades, a daring marauder; someone to tyrannize and protect.

"You an' I goin' to be friends, ain't we, Obadier?"

"Dunno".

"Aw—Obadier—I know where yer can git nice red apples an'—sweet pickleses!"

"Hate pickleses!"

"An' ma makes doughnuts!"

"Doughnuts?"

"Like doughnuts, don't yer?"

"Mebbe."

"An' we'll hev a gang of our own, an' you'n me'll lick all the little 'uns, an' sell more papers 'n anyone else in the world."

"More'n Bobby?"

"More'n Bobby."

"An' we'll have somep'n ter eat? Every day?"

"Almost."

"Gawd!"

"Obadier?"

"Well."

"Think yer goin' ter like livin' 't my house?"

"Mebbe."

"Obadier?"

"Well."

"Think yer goin' ter like ma?"

"She makes doughnuts, dun't she?"

"Obadier?"

"Well."

"Think yer goin' ter like ma."

"Mebbe."

"Well yer won't run away?"

"No—I ain't goin' ter run away from doughnuts."

"Here we are, Obadier."

They went in a dark doorway, and up narrow stairs. There was a smell of gas and dust, and the sound of wailing babies as they passed door after door.

"You go in first, Obadier!"

They went in. There were several people in the bare room. Obadier shrank back against Dick, and Dick came forward, puzzled. A tall, official-looking man turned and came toward them.

"You two live here?" he asked a little gruffly.

Dickey had been brought up in an atmosphere of suspicion, he therefore lied, it was so much safer. "No," said Dickey.

"Well, do you know where the boy is that lives here? If you do, tell him his mother's dead."

"Dead?" Terror, grief, surprise—but Dickey had been taught the lesson of self-control. He knew too well what it would mean if he stayed. Public home, or school for orphans or—he stilled his heart and kept back tears. "I knowd him. I'll fin' him fer yer, mister."

They turned and went back down the stairs. Dickey cried now, and Obadier was frightened.

"Where we goin' now?"

"Dunno, Obadier."

"We ain't goin' ter get no doughnuts?"

"No, no more doughnuts."

"We ain't had no supper."

"No. We'll stick together, Obadier?"

"Mebbe."

"See thet grocery store?"

"Yep."

"Hev won'erful oringes an' bananas, an' the old lady's mos' blind. Git our supper there."

"How?"

"You stay here, Obadier, an' I'll slip across the street an' hide by the door, an' when the old lady ain't lookin' I'll snatch some fer us both, see kid?"

"Yuh!"

"Hide, then—an' if she catches me—run—see? Git out o' sight, quick!"

Obadier obediently slid into the dark corner of a house. It had been raining and the streets were slippery and glistening.

The fruit shone temptingly from the counter of the tiny Greek fruit store across the way. Dickey wasn't his old self—his eyes were burning, his feet sore, he couldn't see, and he wasn't steady. If it had been only his own supper at stake, he'd have gone without; but Obadier was a possession he couldn't afford to lose at this crisis of his life. He watched for a chance when traffic was least and started across the street, crouching and running. He slipped—fell! There was a blinding light as a great car swept down the street. He tried to get up—the light dazed him—he slipped again. They of the car didn't see, until they were on him—over him. He died instantly and without much disturbance to anyone; and lay, a pathetic little figure as a crowd gathered from stores and tenements.

Obadier crept timidly nearer and nearer, until he saw Dickey lying there. The whole thing was very confused in his mind. The lady of the grocery shop had run into the street wringing her hands. Obadier saw his chance and made a dive for the oranges. He got two and a banana and ran down the street. Once he looked back at the crowd around Dickey. After awhile he sat down in a dark corner and ate one of the oranges.

"Don't like bein' called Obadier!" he said.

*John Chipman Farrar.*

THE METROPOLIS.

(*A Vista.*)

The way grew steeper. I uprose  
Past ragged cliff and eager vine  
That hid the tenuous incline  
With deepest color. Now the close  
Of day empurpled each ravine;  
While all the hills were giants old  
That seemed asleep. Above, the sheen  
Of deepening sky impelled me on  
To climb where I had never gone  
Before. Then sudden, swift and cold,  
I felt a wind around me pressed,  
And saw the vistas fall away  
In tumbled rout.

And now the crest  
Of all was mine....and over there  
With gorgeous touch, an idling ray  
Made splendid in night's rippling cloak  
The dingy mist, the city smoke.  
The breeze grew drowsy as a prayer

Scarce formed on lips. The distance flamed  
Irradiant glory, deep, unnamed,  
A most majestic, silent dream;  
And yonder, streaked against the sky,  
Far off the lights began to gleam.

So all was lovely here; and I  
Could pause to view it, and to muse:  
How new the city was! Its press,  
Its crying noise, all undefined,  
Had vanished....Now, a pale recluse,  
It blazed against the night, enshrined  
In visions I would never guess  
That it had known. The lights entwined  
Their feebler beauty with the stars—  
The Bear, the Hunter, angry Mars—  
In flickering points of lucent fire,  
Now lower there, now higher, higher,  
Until it all grew pale and pale  
Before the Moon's invading wave,  
Indignant prow, and rounding sail  
That slashed the clouds, triumphant, brave!

And then I turned around and went  
Adown the twisted path I came,  
While the proud, chilly barque up sent  
White halos of transparent flame,  
And the great city burned the East,  
A dream of color....not the least!....

*Thomas Caldecot Chubb.*

TRANSLATION OF A SONNET BY JOACHIM DUBELLAY.

Happy was Jason with the Golden Fleece,  
Or gay Ulysses sailing home from wars,  
From distant siren seas and sensuous shores  
North to ancestral fields and heights in Greece.  
When shall I see through leaf-white poplar rows  
The whiter smoke of my grey northern fort,  
Or when regain the little cottage court,  
My odorous world of jessamine and rose?  
The light seclusion of my father's home  
Is fairer than the proudest square in Rome,  
More than deep marble slate will please me there,  
More than the Tibre and bright Palatine  
The Loire, my Lyrée hill and native wine,  
And clearer than the sea my upland air.

*John Crosby, Jr.*

## NOTABILIA.

—We of the present classes have never seen a Yale Commencement—one where the war did not dominate *AVE ALUMNI*. the scene. Some of us remember the day, last year, when shields were hung along the Dining Hall and the walls of Woolsey, the numbers indicating dumbly the men in service; the gold stars betokening the dead. It was the time when Haig had sent his message: "We have our backs to the wall"; khaki broke the spring coloring; spurs clinked on the gravel during the speeches; old people were oppressed with anxiety; the students (the few) felt no joy in the commencement of their lives; only doubt and questioning as to its outcome. And some of us—many of us—were not there at all; and can not remember even this.

It is the year of the Alumni. Some fifty classes are recruiting. Those are coming back who have known and loved the true Yale, who have *been* the true Yale. To them we turn with open arms of welcome! We know nothing of Yale—we who *are* Yale; we who are seeking to remake Yale! Let them come back with all the college madness they can conceive; games and class parties; parades and costumes; songs and banquets; even riots if they will: these being their customs we shall cherish them! Let the quaintness and power of old ways prevail, and the youth, the spontaneous gayety we have never known, which Yale has forgotten, revive the sleeping spirit of the University! We are young in the traditions of the college, who have seen the "college at war." She stands for us an unknown influence, full of great truths for our finding. Of the Alumni we require no interpretation!

Alumni! Welcome!

## BOOK REVIEWS.

*The Undying Fire.* By H. G. Wells. Published by the Macmillan Company. Price: \$1.50.

The most forceful impression that this new novel by Mr. Wells gives us is an overwhelming realization of how personal it is. Job Huss, the schoolmaster-hero, is Wells himself. Of this there can be no doubt. The enormous mentality, active and curious; the crushing fearlessness of the man who dares to shatter the comfortable illusion of a Church God—and this at a moment when he is facing death itself; the unsurmounted pride which tramples space to confront and proclaim the Deity whom he serves but cannot love; and above all the tenacity with which he retains the belief that there is a Power struggling for the fulfillment of some infinite Plan—however different He be from the God of human dogma; all these testify to the unmistakable presence of Wells. We cannot doubt that he has written himself for the world to read.

I feel sure that many will disagree with my admiration of the book—those especially who have read Wells extensively. They will recall the power of other books, the depth of his novels, the vision of his political essays, the charm and fantasy of his younger tales. They are right in that the new book is neither as great from the viewpoint of philosophy nor as fine from the viewpoint of literature. But it is much more interesting, for it is the man himself—his style, his thought, his power, and his own undying fire. Even the technique is his. For he builds up an enormous image of clay, only to destroy him in the end, only to gain greater power in its destruction. And what could be more typical of Wells than this?

T. C. C.

*Traveling Companions.* By Henry James. (Boni and Liveright.)

We should hate to have any of our friends become acquainted with Henry James through *Traveling Companions*. Like most



though not by any means all—posthumous work, it is not in itself an example of its author's best vein. We are, in fact, well-nigh forced to agree with Mr. James' own estimate, tacitly expressed in his exclusion of the tales in this volume from his earlier collections. One thing the book does—it shows us James other than the keen analyst of the later and even of the greater part of the earlier works. We had often been impelled to wonder at and regret the novelist's apparent reluctance to give rein to the extraordinary power of description and romantic imagination glimpsed heretofore in but a few gem-like passages or chapters. Now we understand and wonder no longer. Henry James, out of the field which he mastered, is reduced to a high level of mediocrity, in which his genius might have weltered, sustained by the raucous applause of the masses, to sink at last to an obscure grave. The stories are interesting—we hasten to affirm that obvious truth. And the style, as lucid as the narrowest anti-Jamesian could ask, is at all times polished and artistic. The finish resulting from editing at the author's own hands is, of course, lacking. But the most striking charm of *Traveling Companions* is perhaps to be found in the youthful exuberance of imagination and sensitiveness to color and experience. He carries us with him from sensation to sensation, finding us spell-bound before the "saddest and finest of all pictures," and leaving us at last in the gloomy shadow of the De Greys' accursed roof. Throughout, that delightful, cultured enthusiasm, runs riot in a maze of masterful descriptive paragraphs.

But it is not the James of literature. We are interested to trace the mental growth of the later James at whose shrine we bend, but our interest is of the laboratory type. We trace a blood-kinship between the title-story and that other, more restrained study of American womanhood beneath the age-old shadow of the Coliseum in "Daisy Miller"; or we find in the romance of the De Greys some suggestion of the genesis of the "Sacred Fount," and so, throughout. But we miss the later manner, intricate or not. For whether the state of mind of a James enthusiast be one of partial aberration, as the Philistine would have it, or one of exalted appreciation, as Mr. Howells implies, it is at least a very delectable condition, and one dependent not merely on the greatness of the intellect, but equally on the power and beauty of that same maligned and involved style. Mr. James

was a "gentleman and a scholar." And he is the greatest artist the past century has produced in our country.

All of which means that the admirer of Henry James should read *Traveling Companions*—and then shelve it, in favor of the *Golden Bowl*, *The Awkward Age*, even of the tortuous pages of the *Sacred Fount*.

J. A. T.

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIS.

*Elected to the Senior Society of Skull and Bones:* DeForest Van Slyck, of New York City, by Elmore McNeill McKee; Joseph Weir Sargent, of New Haven, Conn., by Winter Mead; James McHenry, of Baltimore, Md., by Charles Christian Haffner, Jr., for George Nesmith Walker; Lewis Greenleaf Adams, of Lawrence, N. Y.; by Sherman Baldwin for Edward Travers Smith; Daniel Robbins Winter, of Chicago, Ill., by Frederic Dewhurst Carter; John Morris Hincks, of Bridgeport, Conn., by Allan Barnette Campbell; Henry Robinson Luce, of Shantung, China, by Winter Mead for the late Alexander Agnew McCormick, Jr.; Theodore Lee Safford, of Lakeville, Conn., by Sherman Baldwin for John Howard Mallon; Henry Pomeroy Davison, Jr., of New York City, by Hamilton Hadley for Edward McCready Gailard; Morehead Patterson, of New York City, by James Sanford Otis; Briton Hadden, of Brooklyn, N. Y., by Charles Christian Haffner, Jr.; Alfred Coster Schermerhorn, of New York City, by Allan Barnette Campbell for Parker Breese Allen; Frank Peavey Heffelfinger, of Wayzata, Minn., by Sherman Baldwin; Francis Thayer Hobson, of New York City, by Hamilton Hadley; David Linton Ingalls, of Cleveland, O., by Ganson Goodyear Depew. Elections were refused by John Crosby, Jr., Charles Stuart Heminway, Blake Leigh Lawrence.

*Elections to the Senior Society of Scroll and Key:* Seymour H. Knox, of Buffalo, N. Y., by Edward de Cernea; Charles Lewis Faherty, of Chicago, Ill., by James Harold Slocum; William Dwight Whitney, of New Haven, Conn., by William Andrew Taylor, Jr.; Nelson Jerome Smith, of Syracuse, N. Y., by Charles Lunt Carter Galt; Elisha Boudinot Fisher, of Washington, D. C., by Edward Harvey Cushing; John Grenell Wetmore Husted, of Peekskill, N. Y., by Darrow Bruce Fulton; John Tharpe Lawrence, of Short Hills, N. J., by John Jay Schieffelin; Charles Stuart Heminway, of Brooklyn, N. Y., by William John Carr; Robert Lyon Hamill, of Chicago, Ill., by Charles Gilet Stradella; John Crosby, Jr., of Minneapolis, Minn., by John Jay Schieffelin for Kenneth Axford Wood; Evans Woollen, of

Indianapolis, Ind., by Charles Lunt Carter Galt for Joy Northam Whipple; Benjamin Brewster Jennings, of New York City, by William Ambrose Taylor for Alexander Porteous Dann; Blake Leigh Lawrence, of Short Hills, N. J., by Byam Kirby Stevens; Ralph Philip Hanes, of Winston-Salem, N. C., by George Webster Otis; Pierrepont Davis Schreiber, of Short Hills, N. J., by John Franklin Enders.

*Elected to the Senior Society of Wolf's Head:* Elbridge Stratton, of Bronxville, N. Y., by Ashbel Green Gulliver; Cadmus Zaccheus Gordon, Jr., of Brookville, Pa., by Malcolm Harrison Ross; John Williams Andrews, of New Haven, Conn., by Stephen Vincent Benét; Charles Calvin Holmes, of Fall River, Mass., by Robert Emmett Crotty; James Smith Hemingway, Jr., of New Haven, Conn., by Walker Reid Wolf; Walter Millis, of Chicago, Ill., by Dean Kirkham Worcester; Robert Lewis Fisher, of New York City, by Barclay Robinson; William Douglas Prizer, of East Orange, N. J.; by Shreve Cowles Badger; Calvin Durand Trowbridge, of Lake Forest, Ill., by Ashbel Green Gulliver; Egbert Gotzian Driscoll, of St. Paul, Minn., by Churchill Crutenden Peters; Charles White Gamble, of Haverford, Pa., by Meredith Bend Wood; Charles Stedman Garland, of Edgewood, Pa., by Hugh Allen Ward; Craig Douglas Munson, of Wallingford, Conn., by Dean Kirkham Worcester; John Henry Hamline, of Chicago, Ill., by Stephen Vincent Benét; Collier Platt, of New York City, by Samuel Waldron Lambert, Jr. Elections to Wolf's Head were refused by John Morris Hincks, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Morehead Patterson, of New York City; and Benjamin Brewster Jennings, of New York City.

*Elected to the Yale Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa: From the Class of 1918—*Ferdinand Luthey, Jr., of Peoria, Ill. (Bradley Polytechnic Institute). *From the Class of 1919—Reginald Guyon Buehler*, of Lakeville, Conn. (Hotchkiss School); Radcliffe Dann, of Buffalo, N. Y. (Nichols School); Henry Reynolds Hatch, of Cleveland, O. (University School, Cleveland); Charles Vincent Henry, of Lebanon, Pa. (Mercersburg Academy and Lebanon Valley College); August Leisner, of Chicago, Ill. (M. F. Tuley High School and Armour Institute); John Robert Fulton Parkinson, of Daytona, Fla. (Daytona High School and Wright

Institute); Bertrand Benjamin Salzman, of New Haven, Conn. (New Haven High School); Rudolf Willard, of Madison, Conn. (Anderson High School); Dean Kirkham Worcester, of New York City (Pomfret High School); *from the Class of 1919 S.*: Albert Morton Herrman, of New Haven, Conn.; *from the Class of 1920*: Donald Hatch Andrews, of Southington, Conn. (Lewis High School and Phillips Andover Academy); Raymond Hirst Berry, of Hackettstown, N. J. (Hackettstown High School and Blair Academy); Leicester Bradner, of Summit, N. J. (Morris Heights High School and Short Hills High School); David Argye Campbell, of New Haven, Conn. (New Haven High School and Short Ridge High School); Kenneth Eugene Crounse, of Albany, N. Y. (Albany Academy); Albro Newton Dana, of Manhattan Beach, N. Y. (Polytechnic Preparatory School); Thomas Kilburn Dodd, of East Orange, N. J. (E. Orange High School); John Joseph Goldsmith, of New York City (Lisbon High School and Kiskiminetas Springs School); Clarence John Hylander, of Waterbury, Conn. (Crosby High School); Joseph Francis Jackson, of New Haven, Conn. (New Haven High School); Henry Robinson Luce, of Shantung, China. (Hotchkiss School); Walter Millis, of Chicago, Ill. (Moses Brown School); John Alfred Oneal, of Dunmore, Pa.; Henry Charles Schreier, of New York City (Morris High School and Hotchkiss School); Llewellyn Truman Spencer, of Hartford, Conn. (Hartford High School); Douglas Rider Wilson, of Pekin, Ill. (St. Paul's School).

*Elected to the Elihu Club*: Hugh Dudley Auchincloss, of New York City; James William Barrett, Jr., of Chicago, Ill.; Willard Mason Galt, of Sterling, Ill.; William Howell Kiser, Jr., of Atlanta, Ga.; William Charles Meekins, of Elizabeth City, N. C.; Robert Bartow Read, of New York City; Henry Geoffrey Sanderson, of New York City; David Gordon Saunders, of Emmitsburg, Iowa; Howell Thomas Sawyer, of Worcester, Mass.; Ruland Thompson, of New York City; Charles Washington Williams, of Montclair, N. J.



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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Gentle Alice Brown crept into the office and sank timidly into her chair without removing the Italian shawl from her shoulders. The orientals, the Mikado and Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo, presently arrived at the back door, followed by the anxious Chancellor. The Aesthete defied all this convention and blustered in the usual way.

"Not a word," chattered Alice nervously, thrusting a square, proper-looking manuscript under her shawl.

"My subjects must never hear of this," whispered the Mikado.

"Nor my noble wards," sighed the Highly Susceptible Chancellor. "The dears have been very tractable. I really cannot shock them."

"If it gets back to my diocese," cried the Terpsichorean prelate portentously, "the natives will try to reform the clergy."

The Aesthete did not understand, but welcomed a restraining influence on the irrepressible Bishop.

"Dare we do it?" asked the bashful Alice.

The Mikado was still doubtful. "The iconoclast is the conservative of to-day, you know. Dare we revert to an old tradition?"

"And especially an Academic tradition," added the Bishop. "How could we face the economists of next year? This is much too advanced."

"But with Reconstruction—"

The Aesthete became quite restive at this, but allowed Madonna Brown to continue.

"No, I don't mean all that Reconstruction. This would be a new sort of reconstruction—from within—we, by ourselves, can bring back something—print something in the old style."

"Far too radical," screamed the Mikado.

"But what is it?" asked the Aesthete.

Alice said nothing, but drew a real traditional LIT. essay from under her shawl and spread it lovingly on the table.

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